

WHAT PARIS CHOOSES FOR HERSELF--AND OTHERS

For Her Favorites She Selects Sober Colors, Veils Their Shoulders and Has Invented a Redingote Coat and Frock Suit That Is at Once Distinguished and Inconspicuous.

By CHARLOTTE STONER.

Mlle. FORZANNE, beautiful Paris actress, with as few ideas under her chapeau as is legal and humanly possible, has recently made her contribution to the Parisian stock of pathetically funny war stories that are going the rounds. Mademoiselle tripped into Sem's one morning, it seems, all agitated about doing the proper war stunt. War nursing was out of the question for the Paris beauty, but other things were not; dressing to play the part of the stricken heroine, for example. Says she to Sem: "Why not half-mourning, monsieur?"

"Excellent, mademoiselle."

Mademoiselle pondered, knitting her waxen brow in unaccustomed thought. Just what was half-mourning, she questioned of herself. Black was mourning, that she knew. The nearest thing to black was dark blue. She liked gray fur very much; it looked well against her transparent skin. Ah, that was it! "Gray and blue, then, I will have," and, smiling sweetly, sacrificially, Mlle. Forzanne left the caricaturist, happy in the devotion that brought forth gray and blue half-mourning.

A NEW PART WELL PLAYED.

They smile in Paris over the demi-mondaine and her new-found patriotism and self-annihilation—and they weep, too. For the heart of the Parisienne has shown itself to be not a thing of paper and gilt, but a loyal, grieving, aching heart, ready to help and serve and forget everything save France. And one way of helping is to forget one's own little chic self, and just wear clothes that fit into the sombre picture.

There are reports from Paris which say that French women are coming out of their sorrow that clothes this year are going to look up a bit in brightness and verve and piquancy. But there are other reports from more sympathetic sources that show the French woman in her true colors—and those colors are mainly black and monotonous in dull shades. The French woman is showing fine feeling this year in choosing her clothes; her idea seems to be that she must not attract attention, that her clothes

Export Styles Are Almost Tropic-ally Gay, However, with Abundant Silver Spangling, and Hats That Never Were on Land or Sea Flaunt Themselves Temptingly.

Cheruit, is in prune color beaver trimmed, with leg-o'-mutton sleeves, and the fur collar extending over the shoulder into a throw.

EVENING COATS FOR EXPORT.

Evening coats, for which the Paris woman has no use, are extremely handsome and showy. One in electric blue velvet has a deep panel yoke, gold embroidered and crystal trimmed, and a white fox collar. A rose-toned velvet is silver embroidered, with braiding across the middle of the coat, back and front, and collar and cuffs and hem of featherweight London fox fur.

A brocade coat in Jahlia and dregs-of-wine has an embroidered motif in cardinal and an irregular band of taupe fox around the bottom.

The Paris woman at relief dinners or receptions may have need of an evening dress. But it is usually in black or black and white and without the blaze of jewelry and color that she used to love. She is often veiling her shoulders in her feeling for inconspicuousness, the shoulders that she used to flaunt. But, again, for the American women, the Paris designer takes heart and creates evening gowns of splendor. A gown of silver tissue, silver net, silver lace and pearl trimming is a striking thing, though the design is simple.

A Brandt model is of gold lace and opalescent sequined net; it has hanging strips of brilliants over the bodice. A debutante frock of blue silk net has as its only trimming silver bands under the net and flat silver bows gleaming through; one of orchid tulle and silver embroidered lace is clever because of the artful combining of these two materials.

UNTAMED HATS.

Hats are wild. There are fierce birds, strange fruits and flowers, hybrid in the animal and vegetable kingdoms. I saw one hat that looked like a cross between a setting hen and a seal with whiskers. The figure was that of the hen, the countenance that of the seal; the whiskers extended far into the surrounding atmosphere. Whatever American lady wears that bonnet may feel Frenchy, but she will also feel foolish. There are flat



Above, a model photographed in the Bois de Boulogne last week, showing a marked contrast to the exaggerated fashions of twelve months ago.

To the right is shown one of the new crepe de chine sports coats in dried orange, with smocked yoke and cuff band and a dashing collar of white fox.

Frock of white lace and tulle over black and white striped chiffon with rolled hem of white taffeta on last figure. The three finely pleated frills on the sleeves mark the gown with a pleasant distinction.

Extreme left, an afternoon gown of fine white serge or linen with patent leather belt, gown to be worn over blouse guimpe of soft white lawn.

The second model is in the extreme simplicity, a combination of ecru faille and Georgette crepe.



NARROW SHOULDERS.

A little baize coat is of fine corded silk, and made for a dress in tones of cream and baize. It is extremely narrow across the shoulders and shows no symptom of a collar. When the lady wears it, the superficial person will immediately think she has left her collar on her bureau.

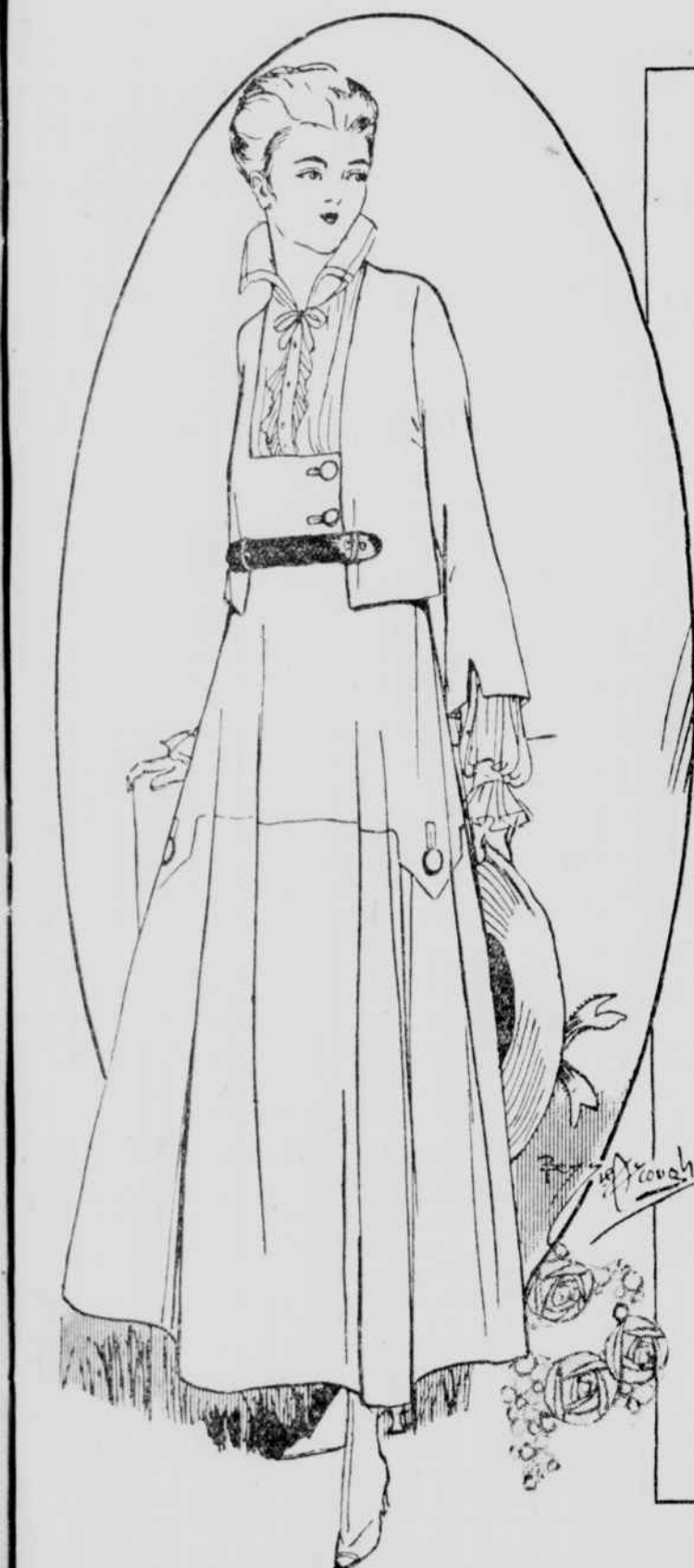
What I should call a good, honest coat is a full one in army gray, trimmed with black braid running both ways. It is cut on a raglan style, but a yoke effect is given by use of the braid across both front and back.

In spite of the Paris woman's modesty in taste, Paris workshops are making gay and giddy clothes for the American lady, who still strives for the élat that the Parisian label assures her. There are some very stunning daytime coats that the American woman will find particularly tempting. One in shrub velour, with high chin-chin collar and deep muff sleeves of Japanese sable, is made circular with a yoke and hangs in deep folds of fullness. The fur band around the bottom is nearly a foot deep and the coat itself is three and one-half yards wide. Another one, from

applique parrots that may be put around the brim of an unoffending sailor to make it distinctive; lovely bunches of jet fruit and flowers may not always be according to Nature, but they are harmonious in color and far from monotonous. Crowns are high; softly tailored hats are most popular.

Shoes seem to have had a restraining influence. They are to be mostly black, with perforated tops now and then, showing some color beneath. A street model is the high Russian boot in patent leather, with the turned cuff at the very high top.

If pin-stripes are pretty, pin-checks are prettiest, judging from the number of girls who are searching for chifon taffetas of this modest pattern. Nothing could be more demure and better suited to great-grandmother's taste than a taffeta frock in gray and white checking whose skirt, below the knees, carries a trio of gray-piped scalloped ruffles and whose blouse is merely a scallop-edged straight-cut jacket, provided with a basque by simply shirring the silk to simulate a narrow belt. Slightly parted fronts reveal a transparent white blouse whose wide-scalloped collar turns over the jacket's neck, while the full sleeves, in silk, are trimmed with three narrow ruffles and a black velvet bow.



must be in good taste—not to be tasteful would be conspicuous—but unnoticeable, and possessing the quality of blending into the general background.

SEMI-REDINGOTE.

Out of this feeling has grown a new sort of costume, more expensive than a suit or a coat, but quite more suitable to the life from hospital to restaurant, from street to home, that the French woman is leading now. This costume consists of a severe serge dress that looks like a redingote coat and a redingote coat that looks like the dress.

In early fall she will wear the dress everywhere; when cold weather sets in she will put the coat on. And wherever she goes she will attract no attention; even when she takes off her coat there will be no shock of a new note of color, no surprise of an unexpected touch that used to make her gowning the delight of all eyes. Cheruit shows one of these suits in utterly rigid outlines and without trimming save black jet buttons; Berthard has made one the coat and dress of which are almost indistinguishable.

These one-piece dresses are often on princess lines. Worth has one in Joffre blue trimmed in gold and military braid. But the styles have little variety from the straight, full, buttoned up to the neck model. They are slipped on easily and have no accessories to adjust.

Coats are very interesting in their small, almost naive touches. There is one prudish one of Beer's that looks as though Cousin Mary Peabody had made it back in the settin'-room on her New Home sewing machine. It has funny little narrow black cuffs that look as if there hadn't been enough velvet for regular ones, and right in the middle of the back a gathered-in place.

"What'll we do with that, Samantha?"

"Oh, just baste a little piece across it," said Samantha.

So there it is, a little, square piece put on as though it were the inspiration of a worried moment. Even the color is Aunt Mary's favorite—gray blue. Otherwise, the coat hangs full and of the same general lines as the others.